To lop that doubt,hee'le fill this land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine,if I may call offence,
Muſt feel wars blow, who ſpares not innocence,
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprou'dſt me for't.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleep out of mine eies,blood frō my cheekes,
Muſings into my mind,with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop this tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to griue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord,ſince you haue giuen mee leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too, I thinke,you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre,or priuat treaſon,
Will take away your life: therfore my Lord, go trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie, if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hel. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being,and our birth.

Per. Tyre I now looke from thee then,and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile,where Ile heare from thee,
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe.
The care I had and haue of ſubiects good,
On thee I lay,whoſe wiſdomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word,for faith,not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs will liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall nere conuince,
Thou ſhewdſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter